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THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN JOSEPH KOPPES, D. D.,

Bishop of Luxembourg.

GUEST OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Evening.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

NOW in the west each burning, roseate ray
 And all the wealth of gold and mellow light
 Attend the departing sun in royal flight,
 Who never deigns his gorgeous course to ay:
 And all the vivid phantoms of the day
 Have fled before the sealing gloom of night,
 Leaving the woéd earth in dismal plight,
 Alone, to wrap herself in black and gray.
 Then Evening silent, like a veiled nun,
 Lights up each starry lamp that swings aloft,
 And with a presence sweet and calm consoles
 The widowed earth; and when this duty's done,
 Retires into the cloister, night, where rolls
 Around all objects shadows deep and soft.

The Pier Glass.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.

LICE, you're a flirt, I don't believe in triflers,—so we'd better part. You're not worthy of friendship even!"

"A flirt! You don't ask me to explain. I have an explanation to give, but now I don't care to give it."

"And I don't care to hear it," he answered quickly. "Good-bye, we may never meet again."

He did not offer his hand, but turned and walked rapidly to the door.

"We shall never meet again in my house, Paul Downing," she flashed out angrily.

"That proves I was right. You couldn't say that if you ever loved me. I once thought you did—and everything I did was for you."

"What you did never hurt you, did it?"

"You're a fine woman, you are," he said, losing entire control of his quick temper. "You're worthy of everything I did for you, aren't you? A true woman makes a man better and less selfish. You did that for me, didn't you? but you didn't love me. Mine was love, yours only an imitation. But you needn't think you can treat me any way at all."

Alice began to sob; then he melted.

"Oh, Alice!—Miss Kirby," he said quickly, "I was angry and excited and hardly knew what I was was saying. I'm sorry I let my anger get the better of me."



"Do you think I'll be insulted and then forgive you, just because you say you're sorry? No; you can't talk like that to me."

The door had scarcely closed behind him when she impulsively opened it again.

"Shall I call him?—No; he insulted me, and 'twas all his fault."

"So this is the end of our vacation," thought Paul Downing, as he turned toward his home. "Maybe I was wrong. No; 'twas her fault. Why, she must think I'm a fool to be treated like that! I didn't expect it from her. We've always been sweethearts. I carried her books to school at old Pinkerton's, and fought for her many a time. This is the thanks I get. She seemed always honest and sincere, but her very conduct was a lie. Why I'd rather be a nigger than such a hypocrite! Bess Davis and Louise Burke will be only too glad to hear of this; and what will Jack Dale say?"

Evidently his pride was suffering. Alice Kirby was his ideal, but at last she had toppled from the altar of his admiration. Yet he felt down deep in his heart that he still loved her.

"But I'll make myself forget her," he said. "Why, I'd be an unprincipled idiot, if I didn't! I'll show her she can't slight me whenever she wants to! Louise Burke will be glad to have me."

So the wise ones of Rockdale smiled knowingly at Louise and Paul, and then spoke of his former fondness for Alice as "only a boyish fancy."

When the Franklin Rifles left Rockdale for the State Encampment, Alice was at the station, so was Louise; but they were only two of a crowd. Was it the glitter of Paul's brass buttons that prompted Alice to whisper what was more real than Louise knew?

"Louise, I almost hate you, because you have Paul Downing."

"Here's the cake I promised you, Paul," said Bess Davis, approaching with a little bow. "I made it myself, too. Why, where's Louise? She didn't stay long. What's the matter?" she continued like a rapid fire battery.

"Just like her," thought Paul. "More mouth than brains and always ready to gossip!"

Paul's melancholy, always painful, never stung Alice so keenly as now.

"I have no cake to offer," she said with a blush, "but I'll give you my flower."

Paul saw the bait of love and took it,—indeed he would have done so, had he seen every detail of the trap that was to ensnare him.

"I never knew she was so pretty," he thought, as she pinned the jessamine to his coat. And only a short time before, the very mention of her name made him angry.

The first notes of the "Assembly" startled them like a report from the gun of a sentry on a still night.

"Alice," Paul whispered, "may I write?"
"Yes, Paul."

People were cheering, bands were playing, and shriller than all sounded the melancholy note of "Taps," but Paul scarcely heard. He was waving his campaign hat at a young girl in white, and on his breast was her flower.

"What did she mean by giving me this jessamine?" he was thinking. "I wonder why she seemed so sad to-night? Is she really ready to forget that quarrel? And she said I might write to her. Oh, if she's fooling me this time, I'll—"

The voice of his Captain startled him:

"Sergeant Downing, act as 'Sergeant of the Guard.' Post two men at each platform. Throw away that flower,—it's unmilitary."

Few boys would have obeyed the last order, and Paul was not one of the few.

A formal note received after "Tattoo" the next evening scattered his hopes like spray from a waterfall. "Dear Mr. Downing," the note said, "To-morrow I return to college. As I shall have no time to correspond, you will please consider my agreement cancelled. Alice Kirby."

"Oh, the little snake! If she were a man I'd make her eat this letter. She had no reason to encourage me at the station, except to make a fool of me, confound her!"

"Sergeant," said his Captain, coming to the tent, "investigate that disorder in Corporal Harvell's quarters and report to me."

"Investigate it yourself. I'm not everybody's slave."

"What! Two days in your tent for that, Sergeant Downing," said the Captain, turning away.

"That infernal little flirt spoiled my vacation, made a fool of me last night, and ruins my pleasure here with two days in my tent. It's lucky I'm a sergeant or I'd go to the 'guard house' for that. No time to correspond, what a lie! Well, the 'Varsity opens next week, and I'll forget about this."

The University did open, but Paul did not forget. There were too many pictures of Alice, too many thoughts crowding upon him, to let him forget the vacation.

"Oh, you hypocrite!" he would say, every time he saw her picture. "I'd take that picture down, but I'd never hear the end of it from the fellows."

All the trials and troubles of college life vanished in the smoke of his old pipe. That was a panacea for everything except the longing in his heart for Alice; and yet he was not so sure that he wanted to drive away that yearning.

Jack Dale, his chum, spoke of Alice but once. "Dale," answered Paul, "if you want to be my friend, never mention her to me again. I'm sick of doing nothing but think of her. Here I've practically lost a whole year just on that account, and she isn't worth it. Oh, it makes me wild to think of her deceit!"

"Well, Paul, 'finals' are at hand, and then we'll be through here."

"Yes, I always thought I'd be glad when my graduation came, I've worked for it long enough; but now I almost envy those 'Freshies,' and all on account of her. I tell you, Jack, never believe what a woman says,—they're all alike."

"Why don't you write and ask her to make up, instead of tearing your hair and raving like an idiot every time you think of her? I never saw such a temper as yours."

"Pshaw, I did write to her only a week ago! I couldn't help it. I told her that I should be graduated and that I intended to spend the summer in Rockdale. I asked her to forgive me, but she is too much of a flirt for that. Why, confound it! if it hadn't been for her, I might have made something of myself this year; but they're all alike, Jack, they're all alike. They never—"

"We're coming to your room to-night to 'plug' philosophy," interrupted Dale, anxious to avert Paul's anger, "and then won't we have a jolly time?"

An uncorked bottle and four pairs of feet graced the centre table in Paul's room that night. Paul was lounging on the sofa absently fingering the letters, A-l-i-c-e, embroidered in the corner of a certain sofa-pillow, and thinking,—well, not of philosophy.

"The *intellectus agens*," Jack Dale was saying, "strips the mental image of its gross materiality and forms—"

The four Seniors faded from Paul's memory, and from the smoke of his pipe rose the face of a fair girl that corresponded with that in the frame of gilt, which bore the inscription in a feminine hand, "Yours always."

"Yes, 'yours always,' you little flirt," he was thinking. "I'm not the one to be treated like a cur,—I'm no fool! It's all right with silly 'Freshies'; but I'm a Senior, and I think I know a little something by this time. I'm sorry I wrote that letter now. I shouldn't have given her that much satisfaction.

"Come out of it," yelled Dale, "and drink to our luck in the philosophy 'exam.' Thinking of Alice again, eh?" he continued as he saw Paul's confusion.

"That's my business! Confound it! can't I ever have any rest on that subject?"

"By the way," said Tom Gaven, "here's a letter for you that came in the evening mail."

"A bill, I guess," answered Paul colouring, as he recognized the writing.

"Dear Mr. Downing," he read like a man reading the notice of his bankruptcy, "My dearest friend writes that he will be graduated this year and that he will spend the summer in Rockdale. I wish you would call, as I am so anxious to have you see him. I'm going home to-morrow.—Alice."

"She has a lot of nerve to write such a letter to me. She's crazy, if she thinks I'm going to call! Yes! I will, and I'll make that 'dearest friend' wish he'd never seen me."

As Paul walked up to the Kirby home-stead he was nervously biting his finger-nails and stumbling over everything in his path.

"I'm afraid I'll lose my temper, and knock that fellow crazy even in Alice's house," he was thinking.

"Come in, Paul. I'm so glad to see you," said Alice with genuine joy. "Why! what's the matter? You're not ill, I hope!"

The hearty welcome made him stare in amazement, but the thought of her "dearest friend" rallied him.

"I came to meet your 'dearest friend,'" he said slowly and with difficulty.

"My note did not say you were to 'meet' him. He was at the station when you went to the 'Encampment.' I wrote him a mean letter next day because I was jealous of Louise Burke."

She pointed to a pier glass behind them.

"My note said you were 'to see' my dearest friend."

In kindly and generous natures, tact is inborn. They possess a sensitiveness of soul which, while it makes them shrink from giving pain, shows them how to avoid doing so. The rude lack not so much refinement as feeling.—*Spalding.*

The Watermelon.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

It was no fault of the village tribe that its members should have an inordinate desire to possess a large, ripe-looking watermelon in Mrs. Deefers' melon patch. Nature had placed in them strong appetites, and had never taught them the ethics of legitimate wishing. So small wonder was it that they loitered on the way to and from school as they cast their eyes over the picket fence that separated them from the melons.

They had even planned a raid on this patch, Johnny Deefers offering his moral and tactical support; but there was no spirit among them of sufficient courage to carry this design into execution. The two leaders of the tribe, Lennie Steele and Eddie Lister, were in a state of probation because of a previous escapade, and when they came back the proposed raid began to assume a definite form.

Dusk was coming on when the tribe assembled. Everything was to be conducted in pure freebooter fashion. So with Lennie Steele as leader and Eddie Lister, his lieutenant, the tribe started in Indian file toward the patch of watermelons. Not a word broke the silence of the march, until Lennie with a "hist!" and his fingers to his lips commanded a stop within reconnoitring distance. Here a hurried consultation took place.

"You keep the men here," said Lennie to his lieutenant, "and I'll go and see where the treasure is."

But that worthy insisted on accompanying the chief. Finally Eddie was persuaded to keep command over the youthful pirates, while Lennie crept through the long grass on his belly to survey the field of operation. In a short time he returned. The tribe bent forward to hear the information he should convey.

"The coast's clear," he said. "Not a hos' enemy in sight."

Then came another hurried consultation, and it was agreed by all, Johnny Deefers alone excepting, that Johnny should secure the treasure. It was argued, and logically, that nobody understood the topography of the garden like Johnny. But this youth still objected. He had been content to allow his mother's property to be raided, but as he began to approach his parental dwelling he

felt his heart weaken. And now as he was called upon to secure the melon his fears increased. For a time it looked as if the tribe would be forced to retreat. No amount of persuasion would affect Johnny. Pride alone kept him in the ranks.

"You're a'scared," said Lennie with contempt. Then turning to his lieutenant: "Isn't he a great pirate?—Eddie, you'd better go."

But Eddie no longer desired the danger and the doubtful honour of securing the melon alone. He had lost all inclination to be a hero, and he shoved Johnny as he said:

"Gwan!—don't be a'scared."

But Johnny did not budge.

Then Lennie exhorted the tribe one by one; the spirit of danger had become contagious, and they insisted that the responsibility of securing the melon lay with Johnny. Finally when all had declared their irrevocable intention of making no descent upon the melon, Lennie said, though his heart was trembling:

"If you're all a'scared I'll go alone. Bloody Dick was never known to fal-fal-to falter."

But they resented this slur on their courage, and finally all stole along one after the other, and each one trying to get in the rear as far as possible. Lennie and Johnny led the contingent. When the fence was reached, they were about to creep through some loosened pickets when they heard a crashing noise in the vines; and then with a cry of "Ma! Oh Ma!" they dashed from the spot and across the field. But it was only Johnny Deefer's dog, Spot, that had recognized him. Lennie had been the first to see the cause of the disturbance, and he finally managed to collect the tribe a block away. But they looked with fearing eyes on the patch as they wheeled in the distance. Many of the village tribe were in favour of instant retreat, but Lennie Steele with his chief henchman, Eddie Lister, tried to silence their fears with,

"Ah, that's only Spot! Who'd be a'scared of Spot?"

It was a repetition of history, where a small and strong minority carried the day over a large and weak majority. Lennie recalled the fact that he was Bloody Dick of the Southern Seas. Much persuasion was used before Johnny would undertake the second expedition against the melon patch. But finally he consented, and across the field on hands and knees went Bloody Dick, his lieutenant and Johnny Deefer. Every few minutes Bloody Dick would raise himself from one knee and say:

"Hist! Do you see the enemy?"

From his companions he received a silent negative. In this manner they reached the patch, secured the melon and came back to their wondering mates. Nor was there any member of the village assembly, seeing how successful this expedition had been, but who wished that he had been in it. Johnny Deefer held the melon.

Mrs. Steele noticed a file of silent figures stealing mysteriously across the lawn as she stood in the shadow of the veranda. They stopped before a window.

"Hist!" said Lennie, "I'll see whether my comrade Bob yet sails the Spanish Main." The youthful barbarians bent forward to hear a colloquy that would soon ensue, but Johnny Deefer's mind was far, far away. He clutched the watermelon with a grip of death, as his mind wandered to his home and the awful punishment that would be meted out to him if his implication in this piratical excursion became known to his mother.

"Hist!" said Lennie again; and he put his thumbs to his mouth and blew a peculiar blast. Bob came to the window.

"Whist!" answered Bob, "is it Diamond Dick of the Rockies?"

"No," answered Lennie, "it is Bloody Dick of the *Red Rover*. We've scutl—scuttled a ship. Step forward, Comrade Deefer, and deliver the treasure."

"I won't," said Johnny. "I'm goin' to bring the melon home, Len."

"Oh! you'll spoil it all," said Lennie, impatiently. "Call me Bloody Dick. All you need do is to hold up the melon when I say, 'deliver the treasure.'" But before he could convince Johnny of the dignity of a pirate, Bob had stolen out through the kitchen door and was among them.

Johnny's hold on the melon was tightening with each succeeding minute, and his desire to sacrifice it to the crowd growing weaker and weaker. He would have deserted them outright only a desire to appear not altogether a coward kept alive the few sparks of courage in him.

"Be of stout heart, pard," said Eddie Lister. "You know me; I'm the Apache Kid, the man-slayer."

"No; we're all pirates," said Lennie, impatiently. "Be of good cheer, comrade. Bloody Dick has fought many a battle and he'll not desert you now. Let us steer our course to the ren-rende—the port."

And he pointed to a small roughly constructed shack, which he and other members of the village tribe had built with much difficulty against the barn. This had an opening through the roof and another close to the ground. This shack had been named the "Bloody Cove."

Toward this they marched again in single file, Johnny Deefers and the melon bringing up the rear. They did not belittle themselves by entering through the wall entrance—only second-hand pirates would do this—but they, the real article, clambered in through the roof. It was miraculous that so many could find room in so small a space, but want of room never bothers a boy. When all were seated, Lennie Steele arose, casting a look of wrathful superiority at his henchmen.

"Comrades," he began, "since you have followed in my wake, you know that there has been an even distri—distri—giving of treasures."

"Gee whizz! if your mother hears you, Len," interrupted Will Reeves. But Lennie only cast at him a disdainful look.

"Now men—comrades, I mean, we'll divide the treasure as of yore. Pass the melon over Johnny," he continued. But Johnny would not be separated from it. He was thinking that if he brought back the melon and confessed all, there would be some hope of forgiveness. His youthful imagination was drawing up pictures as to what punishment would be applied to him.

"Don't be a coward, Johnny," said Lennie, "nobody will know."

He was not aware of the great struggle that was going on in Johnny's mind between pride and fear, and even if he had been, he was too much the boy to understand it.

"We can't be real pirates, Johnny," he continued, "if you don't pass over the melon. Make him, Eddie. You won't? Ah, you'll spoil it all. Are you a'scared? I wasn't when I took the apples out of our basement.—Was I, Eddie? was I, Willie?"

These worthies insisted that he wasn't, but Johnny had a painful recollection of a spanking he had received on account of these same apples. So he clung all the more tenaciously to the melon.

The dusk had now fallen. And though the members of the village tribe took turns in endeavoring to convince Johnny Deefers that allegiance to them came before parental fear, their arguments appeared to be lost. Johnny

did not sob as some boys might. He was merely thinking, and down at the bottom of all of his thoughts was the strong desire to keep hold of the melon. But he could not withstand the insinuations of his playmates much longer; he began to weaken. The present gibes began to assume proportions more gigantic than any future punishment. So as he was about to turn the melon over to his mates, and see it sacrificed as a reward for his valour, there came one long shrill cry of "Johnny!" out of the night.

The cry came from his younger sister who had been sent to summon him to his parental dwelling. He stood still for a minute, and the cry was repeated. He did not stop to reason whether or not he should leave the "cove" through the ground floor door or the trap door in the roof,—the thought uppermost in his mind was that he must get home as soon as possible. So before his sister's voice rang on his ear a second time he was scooting across the lawn, the watermelon under his arm, as fast as his youthful legs would carry him. Mrs. Steele, from the shadow of the veranda, saw the entire tribe scatter as they poured hastily out of the "cove," and hurry off toward their homes.

But Johnny Deefers had no one to sympathize with him as across the lawn he went. He could not meet his sister as he bore the melon, so he turned into the field. As he heard his sister's voice disturbing the stillness with "Johnny!" and "Johnny!" he deposited the melon in its accustomed place, and came back to the sidewalk. His sister's greeting was one that had a premonition of danger in it.

"You'll ketch it! Ma's been looking for you—oh! so long," she said. And with that she was off to the house.

As he opened the front gate he felt that there were many reasons why his heart should bother him. In the doorway he met Spot, and then to attract his mother's attention, as well as to keep up his normal courage, he shouted: "Hallo! Spot, old fellow." No answer came to this. "Say, Spot, old fellow." With this he turned the door-knob.

To anyone but a mother his actions would betray the guilt that hung so heavily on his mind. But Mrs. Deefers was talking watermelon crops to a neighbour. As Johnny entered she turned suddenly on him. Her voice was full of its usual solicitude, but to him it seemed harsh and cold.

"Johnny," she said; "you perhaps know

where the large watermelon on the farthest side of the melon patch is?" She got no farther, for Johnny's imaginative mind was at work. He saw many people with scared faces looking for the melon. Now he thought that he was about to be brought before the inquisition board, so with a cry of

"Ma! Ma! I put it back. Lennie Steele took it," he fell to weeping.

"You took it!" cried the astonished mother, "you took what?"

Johnny was too much affected to get out of this diplomatically. Then he confessed, nor did he spare any of the archconspirators.

Two weeks passed before the tribe assembled again as a legislative and an executive body. Though none of them spoke of their sufferings there was a mute understanding. Johnny Deefers was in the distance, undecided as to whether he would join the council or not. As Lennie Steele saw him he shouted:

"Lemme ketch you!—I'll lamm the head off'n you for squealin' on me," and Johnny turned and beat a retreat.

The Blind Beggar.

He leaned against the bare wall, the white of his eyes turned up; his mouth partly opened like an air-drowned fish. His old hat rent, his coat dilapidated and dirty. He had been here all afternoon, in view of all, in the sun, in the shade. For years he had stood thus, and the people called him an old rogue. He had no dinner, and not a penny in his cup or pocket; he changed his cup from hand to hand. A big policeman from a near-by dram-shop told him to move on; he moved a few steps and stopped. An old rue stumbling over him swore; a young lady passing on the arm of a gentleman stared; a crowd of young ruffians returning from the concert hall joked at him; a little girl tiptoed and looked into his cup—then shyly ran away; an old woman, dressed in black looked sorrowfully at him, then came and dropped her mite into his cup, muttering: "For the love of God." He did not reach forth quickly his free hand to grasp the offering as he was accustomed. The policeman who had watched him closely from across the street came near and grabbed him, shoving him. He fell on the walk in a heap, the old woman's offering falling to the ground. When they turned him over he was dead, and nobody to say an *Ave* for him.

J. S. J.

Varsity Verse.

FATHER SORIN.*

SLEEP fast, dear soul, secure from every wind,
Thy children only linger here behind.
'Twas thine to toil and struggle all the day,
'Twas thine to bear the noontide's burning ray,
Then, worn and weary, as the twilight fell,
Thy sweet reprieve was tolled on the angel's bell,
And thy white soul was wafted to the land
Celestial, where a seraph's snowy hand
Opened the door, and you passed in
To the enchanted grounds within.
Fierce to-day the breezes rave
Over the mite that Nature gave,
Over thy full yet empty grave;
But sleep, in thy narrow house of clay—
Sleep calmly till the Day.

W. H. T.

TWO VIEWS.

"Poor boy," she said, "while here am I,
A moth, a flirt, a butterfly,
A flutter in the social swirl;
At dance and show, my head a whirl
And all the city at my feet;
I know that you are lost in Greek,
Or gazing at the star-strown skies,
That circles 'round your burning eyes
Disclose you get but little sleep;
Yet, would that I might be your joy,—
Alas! I can't, poor boy."

"Dear girl!" he said unto a friend,—
"While I at cards my money spend,
Here night on night, and cut my books
Day after day, this lassie looks
Upon my picture. And there, alone,
Lost in a corner of her home,
She weeps,
Until her flooding eyes
Betray the long, true watch she keeps.
A chump am I, a fool, a churl,—
I will reform, dear girl!"

J. J. S.

AMARITUDO.

I met thee in the days long past,
One starlit summer's night;
A band of gold thy fair neck claspt,
Thy gown was spotless white.

My fingers touched thee lightly, so—
Thou didst not seem to care;
My lips met thine, up sprang a glow
That mad'st thee wondrous fair.

Oh, fatuous youth! I lightly scoffed
At days of vain regret,
But since that night I've rued thee oft,
Thou gold-tipped cigarette.

E. E. W.

THE AUTOMOBILE COAT.

My lady fair with mien superb,
The one on whom my heart does dote;
The pausing crowd crushed 'gainst the curb—
It was the latest 'mobile coat.
My lady fair went sweeping by,
I seemed but as a mote,
My nothingness caused me to sigh,
Beside that auto-coat.

B. V. K.

* Died October 31, 1893.

Greek Houses.

J. H. D.

The dwelling-houses of the Greeks before the time of Pericles were extremely small, simple and plain in design. The fruits of their labours in painting, sculpture and architecture were lavished on their temples and public buildings, especially on the *āyopá* and the *στάθμα*. They refrained from adorning their own homes that the temples of the gods might appear more beautiful. Then, again, as they spent only the evening and night in their houses, they did not need roomy or beautiful homes. Contrary to what would naturally be the case, the houses of the wealthy were often much more plain and simple in appearance than many of the poorer class; yet their country houses or villas were more luxurious and attractive.

The ground plan of the dwelling-houses was rectangular in shape, unusually narrow and very long. They were generally divided into two apartments by a suite of three rooms extending from side wall to side wall. The andron or dining-hall was in the middle. On the left of the andron was the thalamos and on the right the amphithalamos rooms used for various purposes. The front apartment was called the andronitis (*ανδρωνῖτις*), the men's apartment; the rear apartment was termed the gynæconitis (*γυναικωνῖτις*), the women's apartment; since it was not according to the ancient custom of the Greeks for the men and women to occupy the same apartments. In each apartment there was a square courtyard, around which extended a peristyle or portico. On both sides of the courtyard there were private rooms generally three on each side, or as many as the size of the family required. The private rooms, in the andronitis were often converted into shops or storerooms opening on the street. The last room on both sides of the andronitis were generally used as sanctuaries for the Penate (*πτήσιοι θεοί*) and the national duties (*πατρῷοι*). The rooms in the gynæconitis were used for wool-working and other domestic purposes. In front of the andronitis was the atrium, the entrance hall, with two private rooms on both sides for the men.

The atrium was narrow with two very small rooms or offsets on each side of it for the accommodation of the door-keeper who was

usually accompanied by a dog. While the walls of the atrium after the time of Pericles were adorned with paintings and the floor paved with mosaics, the entrance hall of the primitive Greeks was very plain.

The courtyards were sometimes planted with flowers and trees, and at other times were paved. In the centre of the men's courtyard was an altar to Zeus, the protector of homes. The peristyles which surrounded these were supported in the earlier times by wooden pillars, but later they were constructed of granite and marble inlaid with gold and ivory. The roof of the peristyle was first of reeds and straw, but later of wood covered with tile. The floor of the peristyle while in the earlier period was of wood, in later times was laid with mosaics.

The rooms were very small. They were about one-fifth the size of our rooms, about six or seven feet square scarcely large enough to live in. The walls were built with unburnt clay bricks. The walls on the outside were covered with stucco which was usually painted. There were niches in the walls for statues of Apollo and Hecate, the special protectors of the Greek home. On the inside, the walls were coated with plain plaster. The ceiling and floor were of plain boards. About the time of Pericles, the knowledge the Greeks had acquired of Eastern luxury stimulated in them a desire to imitate their Oriental neighbors. The walls were adorned with paintings or clothed with marble. Beautiful mosaics took the place of the painted board floor, and the furniture which before this time could not have been simpler, now showed what influence the invasions of the Persians had upon the private life of the Greeks.

Since the Greeks performed such actions as reading, writing and eating in a reclining posture, there were couches and sofas of every shape and style. The fact is that the Greeks performing action possible in reclining posture. These couches were the principal furniture of the ancient Greek home. They had tables which were usually small, and accommodated but six persons. They were square, round or oval as our own, and during and after the Golden Age they were highly ornamented with ivory and the precious metals and adorned with paintings and were often richly carved.

Although the climate of Greece is always pleasant, yet the Greeks seemed to have used artificial means at times for making their homes sufficiently warm and comfortable.

When it was necessary they used little portable stoves (*εσχάρια, εσχαρίδες*), or chafing dishes (*ἀνθραξιά*). They were placed near or against the back wall of the *μέγυρον*—the kitchen and dining-room of the Greek family. In the kitchen only was there a small tubular chimney through which the smoke passed out. In other rooms the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof, through the windows and doors. These stationary stoves were constructed of stone or brick, and frequently of bronze which was richly ornamented.

The doors (*θύραι, άλλα*) were made of strong wood and were simple in their make-up. They swung on pivots fastened in the lintel and threshold. Later, hinges began to be used. The doors were usually double and opened inward. In the interior of the house they were supplied by curtains (*παραπέτασματα, παραπέτασματα*). The doors of the bed-chambers were also covered with curtains. They were also hung between the pillars of the peristyle. These hangings were either plain, dyed or embroidered. The back door, which usually led from the gynæconitis into the garden was called *παράθυρος, κηπαία θύρα*. The doors of the inner apartments were called *μέσωνιαι*. The threshold of the front door was an object of reverence, and it was deemed very unlucky for one to tread on it with the left foot. On this account the steps leading to a temple were of an uneven number, because if the worshipper tread on the first step with the right foot he would tread on the last step or the threshold with the same foot.

The doors were locked by extending a wooden or iron bar across them on the inside and by setting the bar into sockets sunk in both jambs. A certain contrivance was arranged by which the bar could be lifted with the bolt. Later a hole was bored in the door, a leather thong was passed through this and fastened to the bar, and then by pulling on this thong (*ἰράς*) the bar could be lifted and the door opened. On the lintel of the front door was inscribed this greeting: *ἄγαθή τύχη, ἄγαθῷ δαιμόνῳ*.

The principal openings for the admission of light and air were in the new covered peristyle and perhaps in the roof of the covered peristyles. There were few if any windows on the first floor opening on the street. Sometimes there were windows in the second story that opened on the street. In the earlier times the windows were little square holes in the roof for ventilating purposes. There was no glass or transparent substance used to close the

opening and at the same time admit the light. In the night the opening was covered with a wooden shutter. Later wooden lattice work was used in the windows on the side of the house to prevent those on the outside from seeing those within. As time passed by they began to use oiled paper, semi-transparent skin or soap stone to close the openings and to protect themselves from the wind and rain.

The houses were generally of one story, but after the time of Demosthenes there were many two-story and even three-story houses in Athens. The access to the upper floors was by a flight of stairs along the outside of the house. This stairs led up from the street. The upper stories were used for lodging guests. Sometimes they were rented for various purposes. In large houses, however, there were special rooms set apart for the reception of guests on the first floor (*Ξενῶνες*). In smaller houses the gynæconitis was often on the second floor instead of being in the rear of the andronitis on the first floor. This arrangement deprived them of their private courtyard. These upper stories were known as *ὑπερῷον, διῆρος*, and seldom extended over the lap of all the first story. Yet Pollux gives instances where the second story projected beyond the walls of the lower story, and formed balconies or verandas. The rooms in the upper stories were also used as sleeping apartments for the family and the slaves.

The houses were built facing the south, so that they could receive as much sunlight as possible in winter, and the least in summer. This could not always be done. When such was the case they built their porticoes on the south side higher than on the other.

The Greek houses, when possible, were always built adjoining each other, so that at least two always had a party wall (*ὑμέτωνικανίζια*). Houses were very cheap in Athens on account of the cheapness of the material required for their construction. In this city where they were more expensive than in any other part of Greece they could be purchased for from three to one hundred minas. A mina was worth about sixteen dollars in our money; hence you could buy a house for fifty dollars. An instance which shows the difference in character between the Athenians and Spartans is that while the Athenians in time adapted themselves to the Persian mode of living, the Spartans retained the hardy ancient Greek manner of life.

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REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
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—The second concert in our course was given on Tuesday last by a troupe of eminent and gifted artists,—Miss Leonora Jackson, violinist, Mr. Harry J. Fellows, lyric tenor, and Mr. William Bauer, pianist. The program was too classic, and on this account the full effect of the different numbers was, in a great measure, lost. In the Concerto by Vieutemps, Miss Jackson displayed great technical skill, as did Mr. Bauer in his work, but there seemed to be a lack of feeling. The tenor, Mr. Fellows, has a voice that is rich and musical.

—Under the careful direction of Mr. Roche the band is reaching a perfection that will surpass anything we have had for years. Those that know seem to think that next June will find at the University one of the best bands the University has ever had. We have now twenty-six players, but this is not enough. We should like to see the number run up to forty or fifty, even higher. Mr. Roche calls for more players. If there is anyone at the University understanding music and who is desirous of playing on the band, he should immediately make his ambition known. Mr. Roche has kindly offered to instruct privately, anyone thus inclined, until he is fit to take a place in the ranks with the other musicians.

—A permanent organization has been effected a few days back by a meeting of the directors of the International Olympian Games' Association. This meeting provides for the raising of funds. So now we are assured that the International Olympian Games will be a financial and national success. Those at the head of this movement are not only men of ability but enthusiasts. The next question raised is that of athletes. America should easily take the lead in providing prize winners; and every college will struggle to send its quota of first class men. Nor is there any reason, seeing the ability of many of our younger men, that we should not point at honours won during the heat and struggle of these games.

—Within a few weeks we will have decided the question whether or not we can lay claim to the championship of the state. From a football point of view the next two games mean much to us, and we call for an honest display of enthusiasm—not only that we can inspire our own team onto victory, but that we can admire a good piece of work by an opponent.

The Varsity have proven the metal they are made of in the games they have played thus far, and it now lies with us to organize a regular system of rooting that we may show we are not lukewarm. Nor should there be a lack of college songs or yells. So that when the game is over, even though defeated, we shall feel that we have contributed our mite to add to the strength of the team.

—Perhaps the least understood and appreciated part of the University, though the most interesting, is the Art School. Where a few years ago we had but few casts that had anything of the artistic about them, we have now a set that have been taken from the originals, under the care of the French government. These casts have been obtained under the direct supervision of Professor Paradis. Their symmetry and beauty will appeal to anyone that has a touch of the æsthetic in him.

It may be well to remark here that to secure a first cast from an original is difficult. Frequently we find in public museums casts that have been modelled from casts five or six times removed from the original. A want of beauty in a cast of this kind must be obvious to an observer. However, a visit to the art room will remove all doubts. Here can be

seen the delicate lines and curves of the one piece of statuary in contrast to the harsh and cold outline of the other.

All those that feel that they have the ability to form artistic pictures with paints or in black and white should at least make a visit to the art room. Here will be seen studies in black and white of the "Belle" of Titian, "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci, the "Columbine" of Lecini, "Spring" by Botticelli, also of many famous pieces of statuary.

The value of a course in art, and the progress done in a year's work is shown by the exhibition of drawings in the parlor by the art students two or three times a year.

—The retreat that was begun on Tuesday night, under the direction of Father Nugent, closed Friday afternoon with the formation of the total abstinence society. We feel that there is not a man among us but who has been greatly influenced by this logical thinker. For his is the happy faculty of making clear and definite the truths he advances, using for illustration mechanical apparatus and physical laws. Truths thus explained must stick to us, for the thought of the one thing calls up the other.

The strength, directness and sincerity of the speaker are other things that moved us greatly. For who is there possessing reason and intelligence that is not influenced by a sincere and deep thinker, talking in a forcible manner, on the things that concern his eternal salvation.

—The Boers are like the mythological monster Hercules combated with—the harder and the oftener they strike the ground the stronger they seem to become. Every day brings news of British victory; a few days back the narrow escape of General Botha—the destruction or cutting to pieces of Boer regiments, but each piece, like the star-fish grows to its former size, seemingly becoming stronger and more active. The British Parliament declares that the war is over, but Lord Kitchener sends in daily reports of battles. But Mr. Chamberlain reiterates that there is no war. Lord Milner talks of repeopling the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies.

—"The insurrection is only a stirred-up hornet's nest," wrote a war-correspondent two years ago. "A display of gunpowder will quieten the inmates." Twenty-five thousand British soldiers have fallen in the "display," and the sting of the "horns" is still felt.

Books and Magazines.

—Father Francis Finn, S. J., whose name is familiar to the young folks of America by reason of his juvenile stories, has written something that will be of special interest to an older class of readers. In the story "But Thy Love and Thy Grace," he pictures a soul's struggles in answering the call to higher spiritual effort. This story should be circulated in every parish. It shows the amount of good that could be effected among those of the humbler or poorer walks of life. The book is nicely illustrated and published by Benziger Brothers.

—We are again pleased to note among our regular exchanges the *Medical Record*, a weekly journal devoted to the interests of medicine and surgery. Among the original contributions in the current number is a very interesting article entitled, "A Study in Heredity: In Relation to Immunity and Selective Activity in Tuberculosis," in which the author states that a certain amount of immunity exists in the offspring of Tuberculous parents rather than a hereditary tendency to tuberculosis from infected parents. The editorial page contains a wealth of editorials; the one on "The Yellow Fever Institute of the Marine Hospital Service" is especially interesting. Under the heading, "Progress of Medical Science" we notice an abundance of interesting extracts on medical topics from fifteen different foreign and domestic medical journals. The "Society Reports," too, contain news of the proceedings of different medical societies. The presentation of the subject-matter throughout the *Record* is such that it becomes interesting to the medical man and layman alike.

—We are in possession of a Mass of St. Andrew, written by M. J. Mahoney, a printer, and sung in Father Evers' church in New York, at the newspaper men's Mass at half-past two every Sunday morning. Mr. Mahoney is leader of the choir.

The Mass is suitable for male voices and distinctly religious in character and construction. We would heartily recommend it to organists whose rehearsals are few and far between, for this Mass can be readily memorized owing to its strikingly effective melody. The accompaniments, though at times florid, have been carefully written. This Mass will soon be sung by the University choir.

Notre Dame, 5; Beloit, 0.

Notre Dame defeated Beloit last Saturday at Beloit in the hardest game ever played on Keep Field. Everything necessary for a good contest was present: ideal weather, two strong elevens, and an enthusiastic crowd of rooters for both teams. The closeness of the contest kept the interest of the spectators throughout the game. Notre Dame's loyal supporters yelled themselves hoarse in the second half when the touchdown was scored. Beloit's rooters armed with horns and megaphones kept up a continual din, and their rooting greatly helped the Beloit team.

The work of our men during the first half was of the zig-zag order; good and bad in turn. Fumbles were numerous and costly. Our men would carry the ball thirty or forty yards in a few plays when one of the backs obligingly fumbled. Then Beloit would proceed to go through and around Notre Dame's eleven as if they were novices at the game, but when in our territory the fellows generally braced and forced Beloit to punt. This sort of play kept the ball about the centre of the field the whole of the first half. During the next half our fellows braced wonderfully and displayed some of their real merit, outplaying Beloit at all points of the game. Our goal was never in danger. The Beloit backs and ends did some clever playing, and their line displayed a stubborn defense; but at critical stages of the game it was unable to withstand the fierce plunges of Sammon, Lins, O'Malley and Captain Fortin.

For Notre Dame every man played well. The line-men deserve great praise, and the big gap left by Faragher was satisfactorily filled by O'Brien. The backs were slow in starting in the early part of the game, but this defect was remedied in the second half. Sammon's punting was one of the features of the game, and several times he booted the ball seventy yards. Nyery ran back punts in good style. At end Lonergan played a star game, smashing up interference and throwing his man for a loss every time. Quarter-back position was well taken care of by McGlew. Not a fumble marred his playing. At end on the defensive he also did brilliant work. Merrill kicked off to Kirby, who returned fifteen yards. Sammon, Kirby, and Lins rushed ball to Beloit's forty-five yard line where it was lost on a fumble.

Merrill punted fifty yards. Sammon hit centre for six, and Lins added three more around end. McGlew made a quarter-back kick, and Beloit secured ball in centre of field, but lost it immediately on a fumble. Sammon punted fifty. Beloit's backs carried ball to their forty-yard line when Merrill was forced to punt. Notre Dame advanced ten yards and lost ball on fumble. Merrill forced to punt forty yards to Nyery who returned ten. On first line-up Kirby fumbled, and Merrill fell on ball on our fifteen-yard line. Lonergan smashed through, secured ball on a fumble, and carried it to forty-five yard line. Sammon booted the ball to Beloit's ten-yard line. McRae and Bunge failed to gain, and Merrill punted thirty yards. Nyery brought it back to Beloit's thirty-five yard line when time was called.

In the second half Sammon kicked off to Merrill on the ten-yard line. Merrill immediately punted to our twenty-yard line. Here an exchange of punts followed, until Lonergan secured the ball on Beloit's thirty-yard line. Then came that wonderful brace. Sammon plunged into the line for seven yards. Lins made three. Capt. Fortin took the ball in three successive plunges to the one-yard line, and Lins was shoved over for the touchdown. Sammon failed to kick goal. Score: Notre Dame, 5; Beloit, 0.

During the rest of the game Notre Dame tore up the line at will, but fumbling at the critical moment by the backs prevented another touchdown. Beloit was unable to gain, and Merrill was forced to punt continually. Game closed with ball in Notre Dame's possession in centre of field.

Special praise should be given to Mr. Butler for the excellent condition of the men. Every man came out of the game without sustaining any serious injuries.

THE LINE-UP:

Notre Dame (5)		Beloit (0)
Nyery	L. E.	A. Merrill
O'Brien	L. T.	Slater
Winter	L. G.	Booth
Pick	C.	Peffer
Gillen	R. G.	Merrill
Fortin, Capt.	R. T.	Smith
Lonergan	R. E.	Little
McGlew	Q.	Calland
Kirby, O'Malley	L. H.	McRae
Lins	R. H.	Crane
Sammon	F. B.	Bunge; C.

Touchdowns—Lins. Referee—Vanduser, Northwestern. Umpire—Bloomington, Michigan. Linesmen—Hunter and Allen. Timekeepers—Fisher, Wisconsin; Gray, Beloit. Time of halves—25 minutes. J. P O'R.

Exchanges.

The Dial for October does not seem to be weakened by the absence of some of its most prolific writers of last year, and it promises to maintain, perhaps surpass, its former standard. "College Notes" shows a touch of originality, running along in a light, interesting manner; but the exchange column is full of that criticism which means nothing, since all the papers reviewed are soft-soaped after the same fashion. *The Dial* is no exception to the rule in its manufacture of artificial obituary stanzas over our departed chief. However, good imaginative work is shown in "The Old Boat" and "A Nursery Dream." A story with a moral arouses in us feelings akin to those awakened when we have been trapped into reading a few stanzas of verse, only to find the virtues of *sapolio* delineated in the last line. Though the story "Retribution" is not an advertisement of a marketable commodity, yet its development is poor and its moral ending weak.

**

Originality asserts itself in the verse and fiction that form the bulk of the *Georgetown College Journal* for October. The *Journal* is a good example of a college paper, and should be imitated, especially by those papers in which dulness and ponderosity are as pronounced as the footfall of a Dutch peasant in a deserted hall. The quantity and excellence of its verse gave the *Journal* a high place in college journalism, and a wealth of verses characterizes this number. "A Capital Offense" is decidedly original and amusing, especially the crafty guardian's logic. Mr. Whiteley writes the best negro dialect verse that we have seen in the exchanges. His songs have that peculiar tone that characterizes a good negro melody. "Eben's Promenade" is an example, but by no means the best of Mr. Whiteley's work. "When Memory Calls" leaves a melancholy impression similar to that produced by a winter sunset. It appeals particularly to a Southerner, to whom there are few songs dearer than "The Swanee River,"—that old melody which seems inseparably linked with his childhood. Reading verses dedicated to a pipe is like reading the story of the Deluge; but the originality in the lines "To an Old Pipe" makes them an exception.

G. W. B.

Personals.

—We are pleased to note the recent call of Mr. and Mrs. Green.

—Mrs. M. B. Glenn of Chicago spent Sunday at the University, the guest of her son Edward.

—Father Hoffman of Fort Madison, Iowa, made a short stay at the University a few days ago.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Eberhart of Chicago, Ill., called to see Mr. Frank Kellner of Brownson Hall during the week.

—The many friends of Mrs. Emerson as well her son Richey, were delighted a few days ago to see her at the University.

—Mrs. George W. Jackson, accompanied by her daughter, Rose, spent Sunday with her son, Thomas of Carroll Hall, and her nephew, Henry Chandler of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. J. M. Green of Wapella, Ill., one of the boys of 1875, entered his son F. M. Green in Carroll Hall some time ago. Mr. Green notes things greatly changed since his day.

—Professor F. X. Ackerman entertained Miss Mary Wagner and Miss Kathleen Gavan of Lafayette, Ind., Tuesday. The Misses Gavan and Wagner are graduates of St. Mary's Academy.

—Mr. Francis H. McKeever and William A. Shea of Sorin Hall were pleased to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Cobb of Portland, Me., and Mrs. F. H. Stevenson of South Bend, Monday afternoon.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Williams of Chicago, Ill., were welcomed at the University last Sunday by their son Robert and also by Mr. Joseph Sullivan and other friends. We are always delighted to receive calls from such men as Dr. Williams, who have pushed themselves to the front of their profession by their own personal merits.

—We acknowledge with thanks a card announcing the opening of the law office of Conklin & Walsh at 18 North Main St., Port Chester, N. Y. The Walsh of the new firm is William A. (student of '95), favorably known to the old boys as a gentlemanly student and general good fellow. The new firm has many well-wishers among the SCHOLASTIC's readers.

—Mr. William Luhn (student '85-'87) of Spokane, Washington, called to see Colonel Hoynes and Mr. Robert Sweeney, Monday. Mr. Luhn went to the Philippines two years ago as Colonel in the First Washington Volunteers. Since then his attention to duty has been so marked that he has been appointed 1st Lieutenant in the United States Regulars. Lieutenant Luhn's military ability comes natural to him, as his father has honourably filled an office in the United States Army for over fifty years.

Bishop Koppes.

The closing of the students' retreat and the celebration of the Feast of all Saints received additional splendor this year from the presence of the Right Rev. John Joseph Koppes, D. D., the Bishop of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, Europe. Bishop Koppes officiated at a Pontifical High Mass at 8 o'clock. The Right Rev. Bishop is in America for the last three months. The principal object of his visit is to see his three sisters, who are religious of the Holy Cross at St. Mary's, and his brother, pastor of St. Boniface's church, Colfax, Ill.

His countrymen, who are, comparatively speaking, very numerous in America and well represented at Notre Dame, have every reason to be proud of the impression which their Bishop's accomplished manners and amiable ways have made upon all that had the pleasure of meeting him.

Those that are acquainted with his early life tell of his humble home in a small village of Luxembourg; of his college career, in which he held, during the entire course, the first place among many competitors; of his ordination to the priesthood, in his native land, on August 30, 1868; and of his consecration, in Rome, to the then but recently erected bishopric of Luxembourg on November 4, 1883. When on his first visit to the Holy Father, the latter was so impressed by the youthful and angelical appearance of the newly-consecrated bishop, that he took his own pectoral cross and chain from his shoulders and put it on him with blessings for himself and his future charge.

As far as territory is concerned the diocese of Luxembourg is one of the smallest in the world. It comprises, it is true, the whole Grand Duchy, but the latter can boast of but 998 square miles. In his present condition his Lordship may easily traverse it on foot from one end to the other in a day. A western ranch man would call it a pretty good-sized farm. But that same diocese has a Catholic population of 218,000 souls who are attended by over 400 priests under Bishop Koppes' jurisdiction. He himself is bishop, and his own archbishop at the same time as he depends directly on the Holy See. We congratulate the worthy prelate's friends and ourselves at having been honoured with his visit. We regret he can not stay longer, and we join in wishing him Godspeed on his return to his flock.

N. J. S.

Local Items.

—“Dear, O dear, what nonsense!”

—Get together and learn the yells for the Indiana and Purdue games.

—The life of Sheekey, the plunging tackle, will appear in our next issue.

—NOTICE: All those desiring to take type-writing will please register their names as soon as possible at the office. A new class is being formed.

—There is now no need of Sorinates creasing their trousers between the ticks. Wieniewurzer has purchased a charcoal iron. Call around and borrow it.

—“Yes,” said Barry, the other day growing reminiscent, “‘Mike’ Da Lee reminds me of the birds. When the birds come ‘Mike’ goes, and when ‘Mike’ comes the birds go.”

—The Sophomore Law Class was organized last Thursday; the following officers were elected: J. J. Nyery, President; G. J. Meyers, Vice-President; N. R. Furlong, Secretary and Treasurer; J. Gaffney, Class Orator.

—The Preps defeated the St. Joe Buffaloes last Sunday in one of the best played and hardest contested games seen on Brownson campus this fall. The final score, 8 to 6, shows the closeness of the contest. The Preps forced Curtis across the line for a safety in the first half. This won the game.

—Artist: They requested me to sing, and I did; but—”

Manager: I suppose they were entranced.

Artist: Hum! When I sung “Beautiful Spring” nearly all of them left the hall.

Manager: That's wonderful! They must have got the spring fever.

—The obsequies over the remains of Billy Goat will take place the first moonlight night next week. The “Big Four” will act as pall-bearers, and the ceremonies will be under the charge of Sir Miguel Day Lee, H. O. Visitors, please bring spittoons to weep in and their lunch baskets. Good time guaranteed to all. Ke Lee will deliver the oration. Full particulars in next week's issue.

—“Say, Ralph, whatever became of those golfies you wore last year?”—“Well, I'll tell you, Krost, I never thought the golfies were so loud until I went to Weber & Field's this summer. Just before the first act, there was a terrible racket behind the scenes. Presently a fellow wearing a pair of golfies exactly like mine came before the curtain. They were the “noisiest” I ever saw, and I resolved to discard mine.”

—A query: If you had a friend that sprung all good jokes before they were born; that murdered all bad jokes after they were born; who wagged his tongue with the persistency of a pendulum in an eight-day clock; whose

tales looked like an advertising page from Adam's note book—in fact, who was a wiseacre without a rival—what would you do?

ANSWER: Men of such genius are rare. If you can't sit on him bear with him.

—Great excitement has seized upon the inhabitants of Sorin Hall. A report has spread through the building that a real piano will arrive Saturday. Speculation is afloat, and there is much betting as to its appearance. The name is familiar to everybody; but what it precisely means no one can tell. The installing of this strange thing will be looked upon with indefinable wonder. Teddy has been engaged to give a description of the piano and the uses to which it is put, and Dinky Dicer will play a few rag-times.

—The appearance of a young man going down the hall with an ax in his hand, one day last week, was explained by a look into Bill Dineen's ordinarily neat room. Perhaps the bed-springs hanging from the gas jet, or the wardrobe on top of his desk, surmounted by a washstand, raised Bill's usually placid disposition. On the other hand, his wrath might have been aroused by the finding of his best girl's photograph drowned in the water pitcher, or his only pair of trousers nailed to the ceiling, and his books, collars, neckties, blue socks with red polka dots, and his carpet, all in one confused heap in the middle of the room. We fear had Dubbs and McGinley been in sight, there would have been "something doin'."

—A threatened libel suit prevented the "Knocker" from giving a proper title to his third heroic poem, so he called it "The Puzzle." A breach of the peace awaits the man that can name the hero.

"Avaunt," he quoth, and strode into the hall
With reverential mien; the varlets stood.
None dared to breathe. He said: "I am the *All!*"
To gainsay which none had the hardihood,
And yet he had a pleasing face, withal.
He was not garbed in jovial mood.
Then came an act that made the bravest stand
Aghast, and tremble in his socks. A wee,
Quaint bairn, who'd lately left his swaddling band,
Unconscious of his peril, from malice free,
Observed: "Who sir, are you?" The briny sweat
Leaped through the chieftain's brow. He gasped:
"Knave, know you not that etiquette
Demands that children should be gladly still
When wisdom speaks?" The urchin quoth, "I will."
The chieftain roared: "Know, sir, that such as you
Has never bearded me. I never sit."
"For Wullays," quoth the youth, "I aways do."

—The dormitory vibrated with the lull of sleepers that told a tale of dreamy souls and troubled minds. In the southeast corner, the genial moonlight rounded the poetic smiles of some of our musicians. One in particular was apparently jubilant over something that must have bordered on the "Sublime and Beautiful." For a moment he lay like a poet expecting an inspiration with a red sock resting on his ear and neck. Then his lips moved and stopped,

and moved again. A ripple played on his professoinal brow, and, as if conscious of something magnanimous, he triumphantly waved his hand, after which he stroked up from his lion-like nose a ringlet of midnight hair. Then he muttered something that woke Casey from his dreams of "far-off scenes and days of long ago." Casey retorted with a prayer and a pillow, the latter finally resting on Leppert's head. Professor Leppert groaned and turned over on his right side. An instant later he sawed the dormitory with his hands, and broke into that beautiful passage from his own masterpiece, "The Lost Chord":

Forever on a broken rib I'd lie
And watch the stars and moon in silver glow,
Above my aching head.
Lead on, morning light, and chase away the gloom
That my forlorn soul at times doth know,
When I am here in bed.

Here Devine's trained cough blended with the music of the hour, and Robinson Crusoe became so bewildered that he jumped out of bed and yelled "Fire." Fortunately the morning bell rang, and quietness was restored.

—Sorin's stately Seniors and Juniors, post-grads and preps, athletes and poets, last Sunday a. m., forgot for the nonce to maintain that dignity which is ever so dear to them, and, arrayed in the armour of by-gone days, marched over to Brownson campus and gathered in the scalps of the husky Brownsonites. The final score was six to nothing. The game will go down in the annals of history as the fiercest, bloodiest, hardest, toughest, funniest, and strangest game ever played on this hemisphere. That it was fierce can be proven by Fensler; that it was bloody, by Emerson; that it was hard, by everybody; that it was tough, by the Brownsonites; that it was funny, by the Sorinites; that it was strange, by Bill Shea. As to whom the medals for good playing should be given is a question. O'Neill claims that one is due him, but Shea raised an objection. A Court of Inquiry has been gathered together by Judge Way Lee, and he, with the assistance of Count Mihers, will make a deep investigation. Shea's objection to O'Neill's claim is that "Peaches" did not go through the hole made in the line by him, and that he made a loop. This loop is to come up before the court at its first sitting next week. Davitt played the game of his life, and at each down recited snatches of the war songs of Irish and other Teutonic tribes. His rendition of the song, "Kzlok Awara" terrified the enemy and paved the way for a touchdown. "Peaches" O'Neill made a hit with the grand-stand—which, by the way, was filled—but forgot to hit the line. Bill Shea stopped everybody and everything that came his way. Since then he has been eating his meals standing up. The two Stephens were also there and handled the pigskin in no contemptible manner. For the Brownsonites, "Socks,"

Fensler and Emerson were the heroes. 'Socks' plowed up the earth in his vicinity, got at the bottom of every heap, and in general behaved as any well-educated young athlete should.

—Gov. S. Tone created some excitement the other day that threatened for a time to result in serious trouble. He was trotting up and down the campus inhaling the fresh air and humming sweetly to himself that pathetic ditty, "Dady's Shoes are Filled with Feet." The day was an ideal one, and the gentle zephyrs tickled his chin and brought a blush to his cheeks that was just too cute. Inspirations came thick and fast—the poet of the prairies was in his element. Suddenly he was awakened from his reverie by some rude person shouting: "Hey, S. Tone, do you want to buy the goat?" Pricking up his ears and elevating his eyebrows about three-sixteenths of an inch, the Gov. searched among the rabble for his tormentor. Bailey's death-like face betrayed him as the culprit. With a muttered ejaculation which sounded like "Gosh!" the Gov. backed up, then hurled himself against his victim with the force of three-horse power. Bailey met it and retreated. Both then agreed to Marquis of Queensbury rules, with the double shuffle barred. O'Neill, Referee.

1st round:—They shook hands and eyed each other fiercely for two minutes. Gov. moved back three paces, swung his left, and landed on his neck. Bailey broke a collar button in ducking. The rest of the round was spent in heavy breathing.

2d round:—Gov. plastered Bailey on the leg. It was a terrific jolt. Bailey swung hard and punctured the air. S. Tone also. Bailey upper cut Gov. on the small of the back. Both men rushed fiercely away from each other. Gov. met Bailey on the left ear. This round was a draw.

3d round:—Both men advanced cautiously. Bailey two-stepped and swung left for S. Tone but connected with a bystander. (Bystander identified and taken away.) Gov. began to use the famous chopping swing. He landed on Bailey. Bailey feinted and struck at the Gov's lower lip. First blood. At this point the Governor recalled a promise which he had once made as a boy, never to fight. Referee declared Bailey the winner.

—We were on the steps of Sorin Hall, devoid of prose and poetry, when the Lounger, pitying our aimless condition, brought us into the gallery of Ancient Irish Heroes.

"The first picture to the right," said the Lounger, "is that of the Gaelic poet, Donough Mac. See the face, the far-away, half-closed eyes, the head bent slightly forward—all the marks of true poetic fervour. Born when he was very young his life has been a tumultuous one. Nor did the sorrows of his life cease even after he had engaged in combat with the famous Teuton, Meiers. See, his gaze is

ever inward—concentric as the elocutionists might say; for this poet and philosopher smiled but little unless at the folly of the world.

"On the left you will find a painting of the Cupid, Moran. The face is young, with the first flush of youth. The ancient Irish knew him as the 'child wonder.' We place him here for contrast with Donough Mac. While the one is mysterious and meditative, the other is open, though erudite.

"Behold at the end of the corridor that heroic figure stepping out from the picture. You do not recognize him? What manner of man are you? 'Tis Barre of the *Shillalah*, the ancient, warlike king of the Gaels. You could not tell that he was a warrior? See that powerful arm, that searching eye, that sturdy leg. One sweep of his hand has cut down scores of men from an ancient band known as the Keltic Class. Perhaps if I told you how he walked, how he kicked, you would recognize his valour; but I shall leave him for the present in the blissful company of the poet and the cupid, and come to the gentle hero Tuo Hee. The name looks like a Chinese laundry sign, but we shall deal with the man. See his pose. You ask if he is leaning against a door, and a cigarette in his hand? No. But see that smile, that self-confidential, confidence smile. Tuo Hee was a great horseman. His stables were the envy of his fellow-knights. Time and again did he take a mount when others stood still and wept.

"But we must pass along the corridor until we meet with Kel Lee—Kel Lee, who traces his ancestry back to the "Fir Boligs." Kel Lee was not a large man in stature, but a great fighter, and a story is told that a foreign knight of vast bulk and great courage fell a victim to the warlike Kel Lee. See that wad of tobacco in one cheek, that large dicer, that prominent forehead and firm chin—all of these disclose the strength and power of the man.

"It is odd," continued the Lounger, "that you have not been attracted by the bust of the Chesterfield, Mer Phee, nor the peek-a-boo hat that graced his head. The shrug of the shoulders is original with him, and the walk an improvement on the Bowery stride. He spoke but little though 'royal flush' and a 'full house' were terms in his vest pocket dictionary. Yet words of wisdom often fell from his lips. In company with Herr—"

A silence had fallen on the Lounger. We looked, his eyes were staring, and lo! from a shadowy corner, the ghost of a bald-headed man was coming toward us. We fought and rushed till we met the open air. Then the Lounger explained that the ghost was that of a hero, whose forehead extended from the bridge of his nose to his collar button. And we all recommended Coke's Dandruff cure.